

*The Historie of*

That were his Lackies: I cried hum, and well, go to,  
But markt him not a word; O, he is as tedious  
As a tyred Horse, a rayling Wife,  
Worse then a smokie House. I had rather lue  
With Cheefe and Garlicke in a Windmill farre,  
Then feed on cates, and haue him talke to me,  
In any Summer-house in Christendome.

*Mor.* In fayth he was a worthy Gentleman,  
Exceeding well read and profited  
In strange concealements, valiant as a Lion,  
And wondrous affable, and as bountifull  
As Mines of *India*: shall I tell you, Coosen,  
He holdes your temper in a high respect,  
And curbs himselfe, euen of his naturall scope,  
When you come crosse his humour, fayth he does:  
I warrant you, that man is not aliue.  
Might so haue tempted him, as you haue done,  
With out the taste of danger and reproofe:  
But doe not vse it oft, let me intreat you.

*Wor.* In fayth, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,  
And since your comming hither, haue done enough  
To put him quite besides his patience:  
You must needs learne, Lord, to amend this fault,  
Though sometimes it shew greatnesse, courage, blood,  
And thats the dearest grace it renders you:  
Yet often times it doth present harsh rage,  
Defect of manners, want of gouernment,  
Pride, hautinesse, opinion, and disdaine,  
The least of which, haunting a Nobleman,  
Loseth mens heartes, and leaues behind a staine  
Vpon the beautie of all partes besides,  
Beguiling them of commendation.

*Hor.* Well, I am schoold, Good-manners be your speed,  
Heere come your Wiues, and let vs take our leaue.

*Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.*

*Mor.* This is the deadly spight that angers me,  
My Wife can speake no *English*, I no *Welsh*.

*Glen.* My Daughter weepes, sheele not part with you,  
Sheele

*Henry the fourth.*

Sheele be a souldier too, sheele to the warres.

*Mor.* Good father tell her, that she, and my Aunt *Percy*,  
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

*Glendower speakes to her in welsh, and she answers  
him in the same.*

*Glen.* She is desperat heere,  
A peeuissh selfe-wild harlotry, one that no perswasion can doe  
good vpon.

*The Lady speakes in Welsh.*

*Mor.* I vnderstand thy lookes, that pretty welsh,  
Which thou powrest downe from these swelling heauens,  
I am to perfect in, and but for shame  
In such a parley should I answer thee.

*The Lady againe in welsh.*

*Mor.* I vnderstand thy kisses, and thou mine,  
And thats a feeling disputation:  
But I will neuer be a truant loue,  
Till I haue learnd thy language, for thy tongue  
Makes *welsh* as sweets as ditties highly pend,  
Sung by a faire Queene in a Summers bowre,  
With rauishing diuision to her lute.

*Glen.* Nay, if thou melt, then will she runne mad.

*The Lady speakes againe in welsh.*

*Mor.* O, I am ignorance it selfe in this.

*Glen.* She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you downe,  
And rest your gentle head vpon her lap,  
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,  
And on your eyelids crowne the God of sleepe,  
Charming your bloud with pleasing heauinesse  
Making such difference betwixt wake and sleepe,  
As is the difference betwixt day and night,  
The houre before the heavenly harnest seeme  
Begins his golden progresse in the East.

*Mor.* With all my heart Ile sit and heare her sing,  
By that time will our booke I thinke be drawne.

*Glen.* Do so, and those Musitions that shall play to you,  
Hang in the ayre a thousand leagues from thence,  
And straight they shall be here, sit and attend.

E 3.

*Hor.*